

An Entirely New and Original Military Opera

IN THREE ACTS,

ENTITLED:



Leo, The Royal Cadet



LIBRETTO BY

GEORGE FREDERIC CAMERON,

Charles J. Cameron A.M.

MUSIC BY

OSCAR F. TELGMANN.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1889,
by Charles J. Cameron, A.M., and Oscar F. Telgmann, in the Department of
Agriculture,

CAMERON, G. F.

Dramatis Personae.



LEO	A GENTLEMAN CADET.
GASPARD	A BOHEMIAN.
WIND	A POET.
QUIP.....	A LANDLORD.
BELLOWS.....	LEO'S FACTOTUM.
ANDY	BELLOW'S RIVAL.
SCHOUVALOFF.....	A SOCIALIST.
CAPT. BLOODSWIGGER, R. M. C.....	
THE COMMANDANT, R. M. C.....	
THE GERMAN PROFESSOR, R. M. C.....	
THE FRENCH PROFESSOR, R. M. C.....	
NELLIE.....	A LITTLE PET, FRIEND OF LEO'S.
CAROLINE	ANOTHER, FRIEND OF CAPT. B.
THREE RESURRECTIONISTS.....	FRIENDS OF THE "MEDS."
THE JUDGE, THE HEADSMAN, }	R. M. C. COURT.
CETCHO.....	A ZULU CHIEF.
COUNTRYMEN, CADETS, SOLDIERS, ZULUS, &c.	

GASP. Yes, landlord, it's a fact. Every time I empty a bottle of Burgundy, I feel a thrill pass around my collar and shoot clear through to the heels of my boots.

QUIP. You must have felt many a thrill in your collar, then.

G. Several, landlord, several—but we won't pursue the theme any further.

Q. I'm agreeable—on the principle that if you want a hen to lay, you mustn't go too near her nest.

G. Yes ; that for one thing.

Q. And for another ?

G. That I would rather think of the goblets I am yet to empty than of the ones I've emptied already.

Q. So it's the "coming events" that catch you, eh ?

G. If it's a dozen of Burgundy that's coming—yes !

Q. You're a queer sort of fish, Gaspard. A strange fellow !

G. Right, my ancient fossil ! For strange times it takes strange fellows. But (*looks out*) here's a stranger coming.

Q. (*Starting up.*) A stranger !

G. I mean a stranger fellow than I am.

Q. Bah ! I thought you meant a traveller.

G. For you to sponge ?—oh, no ! It's only sweet Wind, the poet, and you can't sponge anything out of him.

Q. Because he has nothing to sponge.

LEO. He looks as if he were composing a sonnet on his lady-love's locks.

BL. Or apostrophizing starlight on a drum stick.

Q. You're both wrong. Wind is getting up a new opera of some sort, and he's roaming around like the roaring lion of which you've not all heard, seeking what ideas he may devour.

G. Oh, he's looking up material, is he ? He's going the other way. I'll hail him.

Q. ET AL. No, no ; don't !

G. No ? Why ?

Q. Because we're going to have another song.

G. What of that ? Wind can sing too. (*Calling off R.*) Say, hello ! Wind, old chap ! Change cars and blow yourself this way, will you ? There, he heard me ; he's coming. Slow, though—like the end of the world.

B. Oh, he's a nuisance !

G. Like the end of the world again. But what have all you chaps got against him ?

SEVERAL. Nothing—nothing.

LEO. Not much, I haven't.

Q. I have.

G. What ?

Q. Fifty, and fifty, and fifty—a dollar and a half.

G. Oh, confound you and your dollar and a half ! I never knew a Publican yet who wasn't a miser as well as a sinner. You and Shylock should have been partners.

Q. Why so ?

G. Because you could have taught him how to howl about his ducats. But here's our gentle breeze. Come on, old man.

Enter WIND.

W. "God rest you, merry gentlemen,
May nothing you dismay——"

LEO. Hold on, there. This ain't Christmas ! And we don't want any carolling. Give us something about the Queen's birthday.

SCHOUV. The Queen's birthday ! What has the Queen's birthday—or the Queen herself—ever done for a poor man like me ? Down with all queens, say I. Hurrah for Socialism ! She's the only monarch to whom I'll ever bow the knee.

BL. Come, come, now—drop that ! No man shall say a word against her Majesty while I've an arm to strike for her. Take that back, or (*drawing sword*) I'll spit you like an eel ?

SCH. Spit me, will you ? Well, try it on ! (*with club in hand.*)

GASP. No, no, gentlemen ! (*Stepping between.*) No quarrelling.

B. Well, let him take it back. No man shall speak slightly of the Queen while Wellington Bloodswigger wears her livery.

SCH. The Queen be—blessed ! Are you going to let the Queen spoil a good song ?

B. A song ?

Q. Yes, a song. What say you, boys ?

ALL. The song ! the song !

SCH. All right, lads ! The song you shall have ; but, first, to soothe the Captain's feelings—a bumper to the Queen !

ALL. (*Clinking glasses.*) The Queen !

B. (*Shaking hands with S.*) All right, old man. Duty's duty. I can't go back on my colors (*pointing to jacket.*) And now that I've done my duty do you do yours—the song !

S. But, the chorus ?

ALL. We'll attend to that.

S. So be it. Well, here's to Socialism !

SOCIALISM.—SCHOUVALOFF.

Crook the elbow—lift the chorus !

What care we for crown or pall ?
All is ours that lies before us—
Liberty for one and all !

Have *These* houses ? They must lose them
Sooner, later—why not now ?
Have they earned them ? They can use them,
When we've taught the nabobs how.

CHORUS. Crook the elbow, &c.

Have they wives ? The women 'd rather
Have *us* buss them than these *Things* :
What's the difference who's the father ?
Beggars are as good as kings.
What care we for rents or riches ?
What care we for a despot's frown ?
Lips are as sweet in roadside ditches
As ever a cheek on a bed of down.

CHORUS. Crook the elbow, &c.

WIND. Aw, bai Jove ! Did you heah that ? What blooming fine sentiments those are—hey ? and poetwy, too. I'll just wite that down befoah I fohget it. Aw—just how does that go now ?

Crook the chorus—lift the glasses !
What care we for pall or crown ?
All who do not drink are asses,
Take your swig (*lifting glass*)

Q. And pay cash down !

ALL. Hahaha !

G. He had you there, Wind, old fel. The publican is one too many for the poet.

W. Bai Jove! (*gasping.*) He's dwiven all the west of the song out of my mind! Aw, say, Mr. Shovel Off, how did that song go?

G. The way of all flesh, my chicken!

LEO. But, Gaspard, you're a traveller, aren't you?

G. Some, my infant,—just a few.

LEO. Well, tell us some of the sights you have seen,—

B. Or the deeds you have done,—

Q. Or the places you have been.

G. Come, come—draw it mild: I'm no talker, I'm not.

B. But, you're a singer, which is better.

G. Oh, if it's a song you want—

W. (*Aside.*) That's just what I *do* want—for my new Faewy Opewa.

ALL. A song—a song—silence for Gaspard's song!

W. (*To B.*) Aw, say, don't you know. Can *he* sing?

B. Sing, you idiot, of course!

W. But, say, bai Jove—aw, don't you know—you mustn't call me names, don't you—

ALL. Dry up, Wind!—Throw the beggar out! (*Seizing him.*)

Q. No, no! Don't throw him out—he's a poet. Don't throw him out!—you might hurt the sidewalk!

ALL. Don't throw him out?

Q. No; *kill* him!

ALL. Hahaha!

B. But the song, Gaspard, the song!

G. All right, gentlemen, here you are:—

THE BOHEMIAN.—GASPARD.

I've written some Psalms and some songs,

I've dabbled in most of the arts:

Quixoté-like, righted some wrongs—

In fact, I have played many parts.

I have seen both the bright and the dark
Of the world and the things that are its,
Like the dove that flew forth from the ark :
In a word, I am given to *flits*.

CHORUS. For the life of a rover is mine,
A rover by land and by sea :
With a lady to love and a flagon of wine,
Oh, the World is the Village for me !

To-day, as you see, I am here,
Enjoying my pipe and my bowl :
To-morrow, and I may appear
Inscribing my name on the Pole.
The next day may see me once more,
Content as a hog upon ice,
Far down on the Florida shore,
Existing on bacon and rice.

CHORUS. I have hobnobbed with peasant and king,
With a hundred to run at my call ;
I have seen the sweet flowers of Spring
Lose their odor and grace before Fall.
I have loved with the warmth of the boy,
And adored with the passion of man,—
But the altar's it's drop of alloy,—
So I came back to where I began !

CHORUS. For the life of a rover is mine, etc.

Q. That's what you may call a song, Captain. In the words of my late lamented grandfather, "That's a song as is a song." "The World is the Village for me."

W. (*Hums*) Oh, the life of a poet is mine,
And my opewa soon you will see :
For the lady I love is a flagon of wine—
And that is the spooning for me !

Aw, bai Jove, don't you know ! I'll just wite that down befoah I fohget it !

[*Exit with pencil and slate.*]

LEO. I wish I had travelled as you have and seen as much of the world as you !

B. You're better as you are, my lad. Gaspard's travelling has not improved his morals much.

G. As much as your soldiering has done yours ! But, then, a soldier has no morals.

B. No morals ! Don't listen to him, boy ! If the sacred performance of duty in the teeth of danger, and oftentimes of death, be not morality, where will you find it ? Strike from the pages of your history the deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice done by the soldier at home and abroad, and the ethics of humanity could be written in small compass.

G. Bah ! A soldier is only a machine—a marionette pulled by his commanding officer. There is no morality in *Necessity*.

B. Tush, tush, Gaspard ! You are out of your head. While you are squandering your life and means in pursuit of *pleasure*, the soldier is using his in protecting the life and prosperity of his fellows and in upholding the honor of his country. Never heed him, boy ! The song you have just heard is that of a man with little Past, less Present, and no Future. But now listen to me while I tell you what your own after life will be as a British Soldier.

SEVERAL. Aye, aye ! Let us hear the Captain, Silence for the Captain's song !

Q. A bumper first for the army !

G. Always an eye to business—hey, Quip ?

ALL. (*Standing and drinking.*) The army ! The army !

B. Thanks, gentlemen. Well, here goes :—

GLORY AND VICTORY.—BLOODSWIGGER.

I cannot sing of ladies fair,
Or damosels of high degree ;
For themes like these let others care,
Such things are bubbles all to me.
More manly thoughts usurp my breast
Than love's delights or love's alarms :
Fill up ! my toast is of the best—
The good old *first* profession—Arms !

Glory and Victory !—These are the themes I sing,
And these I follow around the world as the swallow follows the spring :
Glory and Victory ! This is the soldier's aim
With sword and shield
In open field
To win a wreath of Fame !

CHORUS. Glory and Victory ! &c.

The dance, the song—be these for you ;
The stirrup-cup for me, who go
To war it with the tried and true
Against the fierce and faithless foe.

For stately courts that some hold dear
I have no love—or lordly halls :
I breathe the purest atmosphere
Upon the field where duty calls.

CHORUS. Glory and Victory ! &c.

LEO. That settles it, Captain ! I'll be a soldier—Hurrah for the army !

B. Spoken like a man ! You'll never regret it !

(As all repeat the Chorus),

THE CURTAIN.

SCENE II.—*The Village Green. Farewell picnic to Leo.*

CHORUS, "THE RED SUN SINKS TO SLEEP."—VILLAGERS.

The red sun sinks to sleep—to sleep :
The broad moon paints the deep—the deep :
And now—and now—and now—
That toilsome day is done,
While rests the weary plow,
We'll give an hour to fun—to fun—
We'll give an hour to fun.

So gather, girls and boys—and boys !
The country too hath joys—hath joys—
And so—and so—and so—
While nothing mars our cheer,
We'll dance, and sing, and show
What pleasures may be here—be here—
What pleasures may be here.

So pass the brimming bowl—the bowl—
Rich with the apple's soul—its soul—
And while—and while—and while—
The cider circles round,
Let men and maidens smile,
And mirth and joy abound—abound—
And joy and jest abound !

To you who see our play—our play—
A word or two we say—we say—
The great among you and the small :
We fain would injure none ;
But ask you, each and all—and all—
To take our word in fun—in fun—
For all we want is fun.

- ANDY. And now, what next ? what now ?
Games, songs, or dances on the grass
How shall we pass the evening ? how ?
- BELLOWS. Just let it be, and let it pass !
- A. What ! do you mean it truly ?
- B. Yaas !
Just let it slide and it will pass.
- A. Why, you astound me ! Really, sir,
You talk like some philosopher.
- B. And you, sir, bray like Balaam's ass.
- CAR. Ah ha, hoho ! Hear Bellows blow !
Say, dear old rascal, do you know (*slaps shoulder*)
You're something like a Porcupine
Or bear in Barnum's royal show—
You growl, and growl, and growl—just so !
- B. And you're a minx, Miss Caroline.
- CAR. I'm not a minx, sir, understand,—
- A. What's up ? Is Bellows telling fibs ?
- C. You call me that again, and—
- B. *And ?*
- A. I'll make a jelly of your ribs.
- B. Come, come, then ! quit your nonsense—quit !
It isn't wisdom, isn't wit ;
Besides, we've had enough of it.
- ALL. Yes, yes, we've had enough of it.
- A. What do you know of wisdom, pray ?
- C. Or wit, or anything—my dear ?
- A. You'd better give yourself away
To some one for a load of hay
Or pound of tea, or pint of beer.
Who'll buy him ? I'll be auctioneer.
- C. There, Andy, you are too severe
Upon your Bellows, isn't he, ladies ?
- CHORUS. Yes, yes, he is !
Just see ! a tear
Is oozing down above his ear !
(*and repeat.*)

- B. The whole of you can go to Hades !
C. Oh, shame ! oh, shame ! you horrid man !
To say such things before the ladies :

CHORUS. To say we can—to say we can—
The whole of us can go to Hades !

(and repeat.)

- A. I can—but won't : and no one will
To please that sour old cider-mill !

- D. Not cider-mill—that is too light
For such a rusty, crusty cuss :
A better name were Dynamite,
Because he's tried his best to-night
To *blow up* every one of us.

CHORUS. You're right ! You're right !
He tried to-night
To *blow up* every one of us.

(and repeat.)

- CAR. A better name, it seems to me,
And more according to the law,
To call our poor, weak brother B.—
Besides, it suits him to a T—
Would be just Mr. Cross-cut Saw.

CHORUS. Yes, yes ! It suits him to a T ;
We'll call him Mr. Cross-cut Saw.

(and repeat.)

- A. Come on, you fellows, let him stay !
We've fish within the house to fry—*(going)*

- B. Miss Caroline, one moment, pray !
(To Cho.) We'll see you later—

- C. *(To Cho.)* Bye-and-bye !

[Exeunt all but B. and CAROLINE.]

SONG, "THE CROSS-CUT SAW."—BELLOWS.

You think me harsh and hard at heart,
And others do the same :
But, dear, I only play a part
To win a certain game.

The players here have many stakes
And many ends in view ;
And he who wins the rubber takes
The trick—and lady, too.

I love you !—Do not turn away
And leave me in the lurch ;
I've loved you ever since the day
I saw you first at church.

I love you—yes, my Caroline !
Upon my knees I swear :
Though you have called me Porcupine
And Barnum's grizzly bear.

I love you, and I ever will,
Until your heart shall thaw,
And you go through the cider-mill
And kiss the Cross-cut Saw !

Enter WIND, THE POET, unperceived, with open note-book and pencil.

W. (*Aside.*) Aw, bai Jove ! What a doocid pwetty scene ! Just the thing for my new Faewy Opewa ! Aw ! I'll just wite it down befoah I fohget it ! (*With pencil and slate.*)

C. You love me, then, old fellow ?

B. (*On knees.*) Love !
By all the stars—(*earnestly*)

C. And moons—

B. Above !

W. (*Aside.*) Aw, bai Jove ! That's poetwy !—love, above. I'll just wite it down befoah I fohget it. (*Goes up.*)

B. By all the suns—

C. (*Mocking.*) And daughters, too,—

B. That rise and set in yonder blue,
I love you, Caroline, I do !

W. Aw, bai Jove !—don't you know. That chap's chock full of poetwy—"too, blue, do,"—I'll just wite it down befoah I fohget it ! (*with slate, &c.*)

Enter CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

SONG, "HIE AWAY—FLY AWAY."—CAROLINE.

Since you say, plain and clear,
You must have an answer ;
Plain and clear, take it here—
You are not the man, sir.

CHORUS. Plain and clear, &c.

Hie away, fly away ;
Do not come too near, sir !
Sigh away, die away !
You are not my dear, sir ;

CHORUS. Sigh away, &c.

(WIND *crawls under the table, and servants cover it with dainties.*)

On your knees, though you please
For a year to stay, sir,
Yet I will but answer still—
Never !—no, sir !—nay, sir !

CHORUS. Yet she will, &c. [Exeunt.

(BELLOWS, *with mournful look, exit.*)

W. (*Crawling out.*) “On your knees, though you please”—

Holy Moses ! What do I see before me ? (*Helping himself.*)

(Sings.) Go as you please,
Bread and cheese,
With a touch of butter ;
And a snipe for my pipe—
Fished from yonder gutter !
Well, I rather mutter !

W. (*Spoken.*) That is rich. (*Takes slate.*) Bai Jove, don't you know ! I'll just wite that down befoah I fohget it !

Enter Crowd laughing at him.

W. Whatcher laughing about ? I guess
I'll hie away, fly away,
With everything I see, sir !
But ere I go, I'll let you know
I'll have a good J. C., sir !
[Takes drink and exit.

CURTAIN.

SCENE III.—*Enter LEO and NELLIE. LEO with piece of pie in one hand and doughnut in the other LEO ogling NELLIE. Enter, after them, Villagers.*

NELLIE. So it is settled that you enter the army ?

LEO. Yes, I have at last persuaded my father that his son would never make a minister, a lawyer, or a doctor, having neither the religion necessary for the one, the *ars prevaricandi* of the other, or the cold-bloodedness requisite for the last. So——

N. You will go and forget all about me.

L. Never. Can I ever forget, think you, the fair hands which made this pie—the clear mind which produced this fragrant doughnut?

N. (*Disappointed.*) And is this all that you will remember?

L. No. I will remember, while memory lasts, the abnormal toughness of the pork which our butcher has been so eminently successful in providing us; the——

N. But what of me? Will you think nothing of the love which——

L. Will I not? But *sic transit gloria mundi*. Yet listen:

SONG, "FAREWELL, O FRAGRANT PUMPKIN PIE."—LEO.

Farewell, O fragrant pumpkin pie!

Dyspeptic pork, adieu!

Though to the college halls I hie,

On field of battle though I die,

My latest sob, my latest sigh

Shall wafted be to you!

And thou, O doughnut rare and rich,

And fried divinely brown!

Thy form shall fill a noble niche

In memory's chamber whilst I pitch

My tent beside the river which

Rolls on through Kingston town.

And O my Love—my little Nell,

The apple of my eye!

To thee how can I say farewell?

I love thee more than I can tell;

I love thee more than—

N. Well, sir? Well?

L. Than anything—but—pie!

(*All embrace* LEO. *Chorus, "The Red Sun Sinks to Sleep."*)

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Gates of R. M. C., Kingston. Commandant and Chorus of Students enter to "Glory and Victory" and face Leo.*

INITIATION.—COMMANDANT AND CHORUS OF CADETS.

COM. You do as we do !

CHORUS. Do like us !

COM. You never smoke }

CHORUS. You smoke your smoke }

COM. and never cuss. }

CHORUS. and cuss your cuss. }

COM. Touch not the fusil, no, nor beer ! }

CHORUS. You drink your fusil and your beer ! }

ALL. And then, perhaps, you'll flourish here.

CHORUS. Oh, we march to the fife and the drums,
Our playthings are bullets and shells ;
For we're samplers of Club House and Mumm's,
And the pets of society's belles.

COM. First learn the proper warlike airs—

CHORUS. Suspend your cap on thirteen hairs !

COM. Still swing your cane as out you go
With royal braggadocio,—

CHORUS. Accost each lady with a leer,—

ALL. And then, perhaps, you'll flourish here.

CHORUS. We march to the fife and the drums, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter WIND in Cadet's Uniform. On Guard.

W. Ah, bai Jove ! Don't you know ? I don't like soldiering. There's too much wed tape about it. (*Lays down his rifle.*) I've had nothing but that—aw—beastly goose-step, gawd duty, confined to the gawd house, C. B., and all that sort of thing ever since I've been here—don't you know ? And the Commandant does nothing but howl about my blooming—aw—vestments—don't you know ? and tell me that when he was at Aldershot they had no such blawsted fools in the service as I am. I considah these wemarks slightly personal—don't you know ? I wish I was back in Dead-and-alive, working at my new Faewy Opewa—but that blooming Commandant—

Enter COMMANDANT.

COM. Heah, sir ! you, sir !

W. Talk about the dev—

COM. What's that, sir ? (*Sharply.*)

W. I was just thinking—

COM. (*Interrupting.*) Thinking ! Thinking ! Who asked you to think ? Better men than you are paid to think for you. Where's your rifle, sir ?

W. (*Looking at his hands, and then about him, and finally seeing it on the ground, points to it.*) There, sir !

COM. There, sir ! Dem my eyes ! Is this the way you talk to your superior officer ? What, ho ! the guard !

Enter Guard and files of men.

COM. (*To Sergeant.*) Remove this fool to the guard-house.

W. Oh, Lord ! I knew it !—The guard-house again ! Aw, say, Commandant, don't you know ?—I've been in that blooming guard-house fourteen times in the last—

COM. Silence, sir ! C. B. for twenty-eight days. (*WIND drops off in a dead faint.*)

[*Exit* COMMANDANT.]

As WIND revives and is led off he sings.

W. For the life of a soldier is mine,
With its glorious goose-step and C. B.,
With never a fill-up of fusil or wine,
Oh, this life is Gehenna for me.

[*Exeunt through the gates.*

Enter French and German Professors from opposite sides.

F. PROF. Ha ! Dis ees dat new German Professaire, whose name I haf been able to learn nevare. (*Approaching G. Prof. and lifting his hat.*) M'sieu, sall you do me ze honnerr off your name ?

G. PROF. Ha ! My name is Herr Shulius Hans Michel Didtherick Von Bumbel Sachs de Richdeweldt, from Hesse in Deutschland.

(*Frenchman drops. As he picks himself up,*

F. PROF. Spell dot name ! Frame it ! Set it to music ! Oh, vot a name ! Would you (*taking off his umbrella cover and holding it under German's mouth*) be goot enough to say dis name encore in dis covaire

(*German Prof. repeats it.*)

F. PROF. *Tres milles mercis, M'sieu ! (Aside.)* I vill go home soon and analyze dis. And thou art *mon confrere*—de professaire of German ?

G. P. I am the German professor, brodfresser Von Schneider,
I teach like der Tuyvel to sprachen ze Dutch ;
I hate the Frog-eater, who only smacks cider,
And dinks himself somedings, and yet isn't much.

YODEL. Tra-le-la-la-i-hoo ! La-i-hoo !
La-i-hoo ! Tra-le-la-la-i-hoo !
Ein Pompernickel bin Ich !

(*Both dance.*)

F. P. I'm a foreigner—I, and France ees *ma patrie*,—
Très beautiful, grand and magnificent France ;
I left home in a hurry—*partant pour Syrie !*
And the Paris police taught me first how to dance.

YODEL. Tra-le-la-la-i-hoo ! &c.

(*finishing with*) Aloetto chantez bloomerai !

(*Both dance.*)

G. P. In Germany I was considered a Doodlesach,—
Which in English they'd say was a bump on a log :
But before I left Europe I carried a boodle-sack,
And now I teach Deutsch and can sing like a frog.

YODEL. Tra-le-la, &c.

(*Both dance.*)

F. P. I admire all the girls—oh, so lofely ! I meets,
I teach French like an angel, as each one agrees ;
But I hate the Deutschlander, because, ven he treats,
He vants me to eat sausage and Limburger cheese.

YODEL. Tra-le-la, &c.

(*Both dance and exeunt in opposite directions.*)

CURTAIN.

SCENE II.—*The R. M. C. Court. The Court of the Bulldogs in full session. White sheets, masks with bulldog faces, headsman and axe, etc. WIND in night shirt, bonnd etc.*

THE BULLDOGS.—SHERIFF AND CHORUS.

I.

We are the bulldogs of whom you have heard,
Hahahaha ! haha !
Judge not by the plumage the worth of the bird,
Hahahaha ! haha !
At home the recruit is considered " the cheese,"
But in college we bring the young pup to his knees,—
He is very small fry, and he sings " if you please "—
Hahahaha ! haha !

II.

We are the bulldogs of whom you have read,—
Hahahaha ! haha !
We tackle recruits as they slumber in bed,—
Hahahaha ! haha !
They kick and they squeal, but it's no sort of use :
If they ask us for mercy, we give them abuse :
When they cry for mamma, we prescribe stirrup-juice,—
Hahahaha ! haha !

III.

We are the bulldogs, and don't you forget it,—
Hahahaha ! haha !
If you don't pay us honor you'll live to regret it,—
Hahahaha ! haha !
If you open your mouth, we will fill it with soap :
If you don't like the taste, we'll improve it with rope :
Who enters here bids a long farewell to hope,—
Hahahaha ! haha !

IV.

The monks in old times had a very soft snap :
Hahahaha ! haha !
For pope or for people they cared not a rap :
Hahahaha ! haha !
They were very severe on the barons and earls,
And they sat on the fop who'd his moustache in curls ;
They were ever, however, most kind to the girls—
Hahahaha ! haha !

V.

This method is always a prominent feature,
Hahahaha ! haha !
With those who are sweet on the creatures or " creature,"
Hahahaha ! haha !
And so in these days we're severe on the swells,
As each in his autobiography tells,
But we're always remarkably soft on the belles—
Hahahaha ! haha !

CHORUS. R-r-r-r-r-r-r-woo—woo—weup !

CRIER. O yez ! O yez ! O yez ! Hosa men dè en tei anabasei tou Kurou, Kai hosa hoi Hellenes epraxan mechri tês machês ! Arrah go muckle m' Shayster, Kra hoop me hagan !

Be it known to all, rich and poor, black and white, male and female, that the venerable and ever-to-be-dreaded Court of the Bulldogs for the punishment of all offences—*arma virumque cano*, Trojae qui primus ab oris—mental, moral, physical, religious, spiritual and otherwise—is now about to sit for the trial of prisoners who have incurred its wrath ; and if any one have just cause to show why the accused should not be put to death offhand, without further trial—whether by beheading, roasting, hanging, boiling, sizzling, choking, drowning, flaying, or toasting over a slow fire—as shall seem best to the mercy of this righteous Court—if anyone object,

“ Off with his head ! So much for Buckingham.”

Krahoop whillelew ! Tasha mahogany stovepipe !

CHORUS BY ALL. Weugh—weugh !

CRIER. Jiminy Christmas ! Silence in the Court ! Amen !

JUDGE. Call the first case.

CLERK. Recruit Wind.

JUDGE. Ah ! A very sad case of juvenile depravity. Seat the prisoner in the chair of Torture !

(Guards lead WIND and seat him in large chair, covered with tacks, heads down. W. springs to feet with a howl.)

CRIER. Silence in Court ! Prisoner, stand up ! *(Blue lights, &c.)*

JUDGE'S SONG.

Say, look ; you kid ! This College Hall
Is haunted by a ghost *(Enter Ghost.)*
As thin as paper, and as tall
As Bunker Hill, or China's wall,
Or anything almost.

His eyes are black and blue and red,
And black and tan his nose ;
His head is like a cabbage-head ;
And nights when babies are in bed
A-prowling 'round he goes !

He has no fingers, only claws ;
He wears a swallow tail ;
His walk is like the Persian Shah's,
His voice is something like a saw's
That nibbles at a nail.

And all the thing he has to do
Is collar and waylay ;
And stick a jacknife through and through
And turn it round in chaps like you
Who smell of clover hay !

(*Sneak music. During scene Ghost approaches WIND and finally halts in front of him.*)

W. (*On knees.*) M-m-mercy ! m-m-mercy ! I'll never do it again !
(*Exit Ghost with crash.*) Ugh !

JUDGE. Prisoner, you are charged—but I hope, for *your* sake, without good and sufficient reason—with believing that you can write poetry. Think, and think well, before you answer. Is this charge true or false ? Pause, I say, and consider !

CHORUS OF COURT.

Yes, pause and consider, before you reply ;
You stand on the edge of the brink ;
You cannot, we all know it, write poetry,
Don't therefore pretend it—'tis sinful to lie,
And it's said to be rather unpleasant to die,—
So think well, ere you answer him, think !

REFRAIN. Oh, it's said to be *very* unpleasant to die,—
So, &c.

W. I can wite poetry—

COURT. Ah ! (*Cry of horror from Court.*)

W. and I'm going to wite a new *Faewy Opewa* !

COURT. Oh ! (*Another and louder cry from court.*)

JUDGE. Enough ! The sheriff will turn the prisoner over to the royal grave-diggers, and may Mars have mercy upon his soul !

(*The three resurrectionists shoulder WIND and dump him into a box, shutting down the cover.*)

[*Exeunt Court.*]

THE RESURRECTIONISTS.

When the moon was half-full, I got fuller than she,
And taking my little s - p - a - d - e,
And sauntering out to the cemeterie,
I sampled a few of the corpses.

I went to the graveyard again and again,
I dug and I delved for them women and men,
And trotted them in to the medical "den,"
And then I felt bad for the corpses.

For years I kept fishing the "stiffs" from their beds,
And smuggling them in both in waggons and sleds,
And selling them off to the sub-loving "meds,"
All kinds and conditions of corpses.

But at last I got caught and got sentenced to jail
For a million of years—see the *News* or the *Mail*;
And this is the end of the pitiful tale
Of the old resurrectors of corpses.

(*Very drunk in last verse. W. lifts lid of box and makes his sneak.*)

THE CURTAIN.

SCENE III.—*Outside the gates.*

ENSEMBLE.—NELLIE AND MAIDENS.

We are maidens who are playing—
From the school we hate we're straying—
We are maidens who are roaming,
We are waiting in the gloaming,
We are looking for the coming,
We are looking for the coming
Of cadets—of cadets :
Of cadets—of cadets.

CAR. Nellie's waiting for a rover
 Who's begun to feel above her :
 How he used to be her lover,
 How he kissed her in the clover,
 He forgets.

CHORUS. We are maidens, etc.

NELLIE. It is strange how a fellow forgets, when he wishes,
 The girl he has held in the country so dear ;
 Whether at the piano, or washing the dishes,
 He'd love her forever—yet in less than a year
 He forgets.

CHORUS. Ah, these cadets ! these cadets ! He forgets.

Enter COMMANDANT.

COM. Oh, ho ! My pretty maid, what is your name ?

N. 'Tis Nellie, sir.

COM. And what do you do here ?

N. I've come to seek—to seek—

COM.

Seek what, my dear ?

N. My former lover.

COM.

Ah ! Who is the flame ?

N. 'Tis Leo, sir.

COM.

What ! Leo ? Leo ? How !

My winsome maiden, surely you forget
That in these ages we do not allow
A pretty girl to court a young cadet.

N.

Alas ! alas ! If you will only hear
My tale of sorrow, I am very sure
That you will pity me, and help to cure
My anguish—

COM.

Be it so. Say on, my dear.

I MET HIM IN THE FAR-AWAY.—NELLIE.

I met him in the far-away,
Yet lovely Northern land :
He crossed my life in youth's young May
And won my heart and hand.

The hour he sought me for his bride
My heart can ne'er forget ;
But, ah ! full soon he left my side
To be—a young cadet.

He said his faith would long outlast
The glittering stars above ;
And while the hours went speeding past
He sang me songs of love.

Though Thought may fill the eyes with tears,
Love rules my being yet ;
And o'er my heart, while flit the years,
Still reigns the young cadet.

COM. (*Aside.*) God bless me ! What a perfect little lady ! Such grace—and beauty ! She would adorn a palace. I have a good notion to—I will !

CAR. (*Aside.*) Nellie, that nice old gentleman is looking this way. He is going to speak to you.

(At close of song NELLIE walks aside and looks out.)

COM. And Leo is that other ?

CAR. He is.

COM. And you say he has been untrue to her ?

CAR. It is said that he has been paying marked attention to a lady of high social standing in this city.

COM. But who says this ?

CAR. One who is no friend of Leo's.

COM. Then it may not be true.

CAR. So we thought ; but when she wrote to him, he half confessed it. Nevertheless I believe that he thinks more of Nellie than of any one in the wide world. But here he comes !

Enter LEO and CADETS.

CHORUS. Glory and Victory, etc.

(At end of chorus, LEO, stepping forward, sees NELLIE.)

L. Nellie !

N. Leo !

MAIDEN SO BEAUTIFUL.—LEO.

Maiden so beautiful, see me before thee,—
See me before thee—I who adore thee,

Maiden divine !

Hear me entreating : Love, life is fleeting ;
So, ere its fleeting, Love, at this meeting,
Swear to be mine !

Maiden so beautiful, be not unheeding :
Be not unheeding : list to my pleading :

Here I atone

For my offending ! Be not unbending :
Be not unbending : but, grace extending,
Love, be mine own !

N. Then you love me still ?

L. With all my soul.

N. And you are sorry—

L. Most sorry.

N. Then I forgive you.

L. (*Embracing her.*) Rapture !

N. It is so hard to forget and so easy to forgive one's first love, is it not?

FIRST LOVE.—NELLIE AND LEO.

Ah, love is deathless ! we do cheat
Ourselves who say that we forget
Old fancies. Last love may be sweet
First Love is sweeter yet.

And day by day more sweet it grows
Forevermore, like precious wine,
As Time's thick cobwebs o'er it close,
Until it is divine.

Grows dearer every day and year,
Let other loves come, go at will ;
Although the last love may be dear
First love is dearer still.

ENSEMBLE. Ah ! love is deathless, &c.

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT II.

VI.

CAB. But you are each a young cadet :
And, once your course is run,
Your faith and vows you'll soon forget,
Or call them only fun.

VII.

CADETS &
MAIDENS. We'll try civilians after this,
Who will not cross the sea,—
(When they have won us with a kiss),—
To serve her Majesty.
They'll } try civilians after this,
We'll } Who will not cross the sea,—
When they have won { them } with a kiss,—
us } To serve her Majesty.

(*Handkerchiefs and tears.*)

Enter DUDES.

We are the dudes
You read about in all the papers :
Social Etudes,
We captivate all hearts by our capers,
Bai Gawge !
Once every week
The Bank pays each and all of us two dollars ;
But, by cold cheek,
We sport the latest thing in coats and collars,
Bai Gawge !

CHORUS. We are the dudes, &c.

Weep ye, *en masse* !
We're suffering most excruciating pain ;
For ah ! alas !
The Prince of Wales has ceased to carry a cane,
Bai Gawge !

Till we learn whether
His Highness orders that the cane shall go ;
Each with a feather,
We promenade the city streets just so,
Bai Gawge !

CHORUS. We are the dudes, &c.

1ST DUDE. Yes, girls ! on two dollars a week we have managed hitherto to support ourselves, drive a tandem, rule society and escape our creditors. We love you all—you are the rose-buds,—the lotus-leaves of life. So the women rave over us, the men swear at us, and half of our creditors are in the Insane Asylum. They used to stop us on the street and inquire when we proposed to pay that little bill. They were very obtrusive. So, calling a Bobby and fixing our eye-glass, we said : Take charge of this vewy impertinent person. He seems to be laboring under an hallucination—don't know him at all—for

CHORUS. We are the dudes, &c.

[*Exeunt dudes.*]

C We've heard their song and now can you (*to cadets*)
A reason give us why
We should not bid you all adieu,—
And with these dear boys fly ?

THE ROYAL CADET.—THE B. S. M.

Let others, fair ladies, declare on their knees
The beauty and power of your charms ;
Let them sing of the birds, and the flowers and the trees—
They are naught to the battle's alarms.
They may love and adore you, but 'tis from afar,
And their vows and themselves you forget
When around your fair waists runs the gamut of war—
The red sleeve of the Royal Cadet.

CHORUS. For we march to the fife, &c.

And where will you find such a heart or a hand
For a tête-à-tête, concert or bliss ?
Though as quick as the best to obey your command,
He is king of the earth on a kiss.
Nay, turn not away, or be wroth with our rhymes,
And think not of the Past with regret :
For in matters like these there is no one, at times,
So discreet as the Royal Cadet.

CHORUS. Oh, we march, &c.

Let the coward dilate on the glories of Peace,
On her victories by flood and by field ;
There's a thousand-fold more in the pipe-clay and grease
Than all parchments that ever were sealed.
The doctor is sweet on the patient that's sick ;
The Bar on a mortgage or debt ;
The Dude on the card that rakes in the last trick,
But the girls on the Royal Cadet.

CHORUS.— For we march, &c.

(*As cadets exeunt, enter WIND, with large box labelled "Fairy Opera," on a wheelbarrow.*)

SONG, "I AM WIND."—WIND.

I am Wind—Wind the Poet !
The whole world doth know it,
For my verse in all ears I have dinned :
Although critics, in spite,
May declare, as I write,
That my song, like my name, is but—wind !

WIND &
CHORUS.

I am }
He is } Wind, &c.

5TH LINE.

May declare { as I write
 { with delight }

Fair sonnets I write
On the moonbeams of night
And the sun-dawn—the glory of morning :
In the girls I delight,
And for lovers indite
Triolets to the maids who are scorning.

WIND &
CHORUS.

I am }
He is } &c.

'Tis as easy for me
To write verse, as you see,
As for others to struggle with prose :
While they're crawling around
Like mugwumps on the ground,
I soar upward in thought and compose.

WIND &
CHORUS.

For { I'm }
 { he's } &c.

If a clerk, on two dollars,
Loves a maid and sports collars
That rise like the great Eiffel Tower,
He asks me to propose
In a lyric that shows
His devotion to her and her dower.

WIND &
CHORUS.

For { I'm }
 { he's } &c.

I'm an officer, too,
And can fight—just a few,
As these beggarly Zulus will find ;
They'll be trembling and quaking
When their chief I am shaking,
And they'll call me the great Mogul—Wind.

CHORUS. For { I'm Wind, } &c.
he's

MAIDENS. Dear Mr. Wind, are you going to fight those horrid Zulus?

W. (*With dignity.*) I am. I shall—aw—decapitate them.

MAIDENS. But, if you should be taken captive? You know, of course, that they boil their captives and eat them!

W. Wha-a-at! You don't mean it, weally?

CAR. But Mr. Wind is not afraid. He is a British soldier and a poet.

C. AND MAIDENS. { You're an officer, too, } &c.
W. { I'm

Enter LEO and NELLIE, BLOODSWIGGER and CAROLINE.

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Ah, Leo, Wellington and Wind—these three
Are now about to leave us here;
At dawn they sail across the sea
To fight for home and country dear.

L., B. & W. There's battle, danger, toil before,—
The path of duty's fraught with pain:
But, front us wreck or cannon's roar,
We toast you now—*Auf Wiedersehn!*

QUARTETTE—"FAREWELL!"

LEO, NELLIE, CAROLINE, BLOODSWIGGER.

Farewell!—a little word and light,
Yet pregnant with regret to me.
It seems a St. Helena's height,
A mockery to souls whose flight
Hath been unto—what could not be.

Farewell!—I rest upon the word:
It seems a solemn, saddening bell,
At midnight in the tempest heard,—
A death-bed sigh, a funeral knell
That speaks of life and love interred:
It soundeth now—ah, sad!—Farewell!

CURTAIN.

SCENE II. (*three months later*)—*Isandula. The British tents by moonlight in the distance.*

SENTINEL. (*Within.*) Who goes there ?

VOICE. (*Within.*) Friend.

S. Stand, friend, and give the countersign.

V. England.

S. Pass, England.

Enter LEO, with sword, &c.

L. Just three months since I saw home and—Nellie ! And it seems like three years. How much I have passed through since ! Two sea voyages—weary marching beneath a broiling sun—a couple of skirmishes—a scratch or two—but such comrades !—every man of them a hero. Surely I should be satisfied : and yet to-night, in spite of all, I cannot think of anything but home—my old boyhood's home, nestling among the hills—the brooklet running past the house—Nellie—and all the olden gladness. Oh, that I could see them once again, as in the days of long ago !

THE DAYS OF LONG AGO.—LEO.

Bring back, O Time ! bring back to me
The days I once did know,
The dear old days that used to be,—
The days of long ago !

Bring back the hopes that failed to last,
The fears that failed not so :
Bring back, bring back the golden Past—
The days of long ago !

Bring back the loves I won and lost
Through Love's inconstant flow ;
Bring back, bring back, at any cost,
The days of long ago !

Bring back once more the fruit and flower,
The early morning glow,
And give me for a single hour
The days of long ago.

O Autocrat divine and strong !
For men have called thee so,—
Bring back, with summer and with song,
The days of long ago.

Vain, vain ! I know it—my request ;
They come not, once they go,
However bright, however blest—
The days of long ago.

Enter CAPT. BLOODSWIGGER *and* WIND.

B. (*Slapping his shoulder.*) True, Leo, my boy ! “ They come not, once they go ! ” But the memory of those days should animate us to do deeds in the present that shall be worthy of the history of the past. Well, good-bye, old fellow !—we are off on a scout. The old man thinks we are on the eve of battle ; he says that the enemy are gathering in numbers, and Wind and I are told off to see them closer.

W. Aw, yes—I hope to wite it down befoah I fohget it for my new Faewy Opewa.

L. Well, good-bye and good luck !

B. Better follow the example of your seniors, old man, and turn in. Good-night !

[*Exeunt* B. *and* W.]

L. Turn in ! I should choke under canvas. I know not how it is, but I feel very strangely to-night. I feel as if something terrible were going to happen. The General scents fight ; so do I—and more : how much more I fear to say.

(*Trumpet heard in distance.*)

THE MOON IS BRIGHT.—LEO.

The moon is bright on yonder hill :

My comrades, touched by some rare chance,
Sleep, heedless of the threatening ill,

The morning's fight, the foes' advance.
They sleep, and I, a coward knave,

Indulge in dreams when I should wake
And prove my heart both true and brave,
Though love and fortune both forsake.

And now, my woman's heart, farewell !

No longer woman may I be :

I march to meet the iron shell,

And leaden ball of Destiny.

No more to Love I link my fate,

No more a boy with war I play ;

For, lo ! the foe is at the gate,

And it may be I die to-day.

As he sings, the stage gets lighter, and day begins to dawn. At the close alarm within, and soldiers march out in battle array.)

THE FLAG OF FATHERLAND.—SOLDIERS.

To the field ! To the field ! The foe is at hand,

In his serried ranks before us ;

But there's victory for aye in the glittering band

While our country's flag flies o'er us.

CHORUS. For the soldier knows no fear,
 But he stands as heroes stand ;
 And he dies with a soldier's cheer
 For the flag of Fatherland.

In a thousand fights it has waved on high
Over tower and sea and strand ;
'Tis a beacon of death which the foemen fly,—
This flag of our Fatherland.

CHORUS. For the soldier knows no fear,
 He is one of a hero-band ;
 And he dies with a soldier's cheer
 For the flag of Fatherland.

The memory of those who fought of old,—
Whose deeds brave legends tell,
Have hallowed forever the every fold
Of the flag they loved so well.

CHORUS. For the soldier, &c.

And as warriors bold, while lasts our breath,
We'll guard it with heart and hand ;
For the death men die is life, not death,
For the flag of Fatherland.

CHORUS. For the soldier, &c.

(During last chorus, soldiers march off, and are heard singing in distance, followed by loud alarm, &c.)

CURTAIN.

SCENE IV.—Zululani, near Isandula. Night. Enter CETCHO and Zulu warriors.

THE STARS AS THEY LOOK.—CETCHO.

The stars as they look from the spaces above
On the Northerner sleeping on earth,
May waft to his pillow sweet visions of love
From the ocean-washed isle of his birth.

CHORUS. From the ocean-washed isle of his birth !

But the faces of old he shall see not again,
And his dreams shall be dreams evermore ;
For the vulture shall feast on the forms of the slain,
Lying thick on our far-away shore.

CHORUS. Lying thick on our far-away shore !

CETCHO AND ZULUS.

Oh, ho ! Oh, ho ! He, he ! He, he !
We sing of the battle that is to be ;
Of the blood and the fire and the cannon's roar,
Of the hearts that have throbbed and shall throb no more.
Oh, ho ! Oh, ho ! He, he ! He, he !
Oh, ho ! He, he ! Oh—hoo !

But the justice we asked—our possession from birth—
We shall take with the brand and the shield ;
And the whites who would trample our dear native earth
Shall yet learn how the Zulus yield !

(Repeat) Shall yet, &c.

Then away to our task,—for the stars grow pale
With the gleam of the Day-god's tread :
And the shades of our sires from the heart of the gale
Cry aloud for the English dead.

(Repeat) Cry aloud, &c.

CHORUS. Oh, ho, &c.

[*Exeunt by left upper entrance.*]

Enter, from right entrance, BLOODSWIGGER and WIND.

B. (*Looking after Zulus.*) There they go. That is the sixth band that I've come across to-night. As sure as I'm an Englishman, we're surrounded.

W. Suwwounded ! Then we shall be cut to pieces.

B. (*Coolly.*) Probably we will.

W. We will ! And I haven't finished the first scene of my new Faewy Opewa yet !

B. The what ?

W. The first scene of my new Faewy—

B. (*Seizing him.*) If you open your mouth again about that infernal opera, I'll—

W. Look out !

(*Seizes BLOODSWIGGER by collar and throws him to one side. A javelin on the instant whistles over the place where B. was standing, and as W. draws his sword and revolver CETCHO and his Zulus rush upon the stage. WIND fires and CETCHO drops. Shots are exchanged and a hand-to-hand conflict ensues, W. and B. fighting like heroes. The blacks crowd in from every side. A loud cheer, and LEO dashes in at the head of his men (right upper entrance). Rapid shooting ;*

LEO falls. *At the same instant WIND leaps over his body, B. by his side. The British are driven back. Shots from behind. They give way, fighting stubbornly, B. carrying LEO, and W. bringing up the rear with the Union Jack. W. falls. Cannon from right side. Zulus falling.*)

CURTAIN.

SCENE IV.—*The Village Green in Dead-and-Alive. NELLIE discovered sitting on a mound.*

N. Oh, I could bear it better had we parted in kindness. My poor, dear boy—dead ! And I told him to go and to come back with a cross upon his breast, or not at all. Shall I ever forget the look which he gave me when I said this ! How cold he must have thought me !

HE SLEEPS THE SLEEP.—NELLIE.

He sleeps the sleep that knows no waking
Upon a far and distant shore,
Not knowing that my heart is breaking,—
Unheeding of the love I bore.

He thought me cold and cruel-hearted,
Who loved him best beneath the sky ;
And then we kissed—one kiss—and parted,
Myself to live—and he to die !

(At close of song NELLIE breaks down, and as she seats herself on the grass, enter CAROLINE and MAIDENS.)

C. *(Going over to NELLIE.)* Nellie, dear, you mustn't give way like this. If Leo is gone, he died like a soldier, doing his duty and loving you to the last. And though his body may be dead, his spirit is not. And that spirit will love you forever. Love, dear, after all, is the best thing, for it is imperishable.

TRUE LOVE CAN NEVER ALTER.—CAROLINE.

True love can never alter,
True love can never die ;
False love alone can falter,
False love alone can fly.

Love, darling, needs to borrow
No beauty from the morn ;
Through day to the to-morrow
It smiles with scorn on scorn.

On hate—but devils only
Can hate—it ever glows ;
True love leaves no heart lonely,
It glads where'er it goes.

Even through the dust and ashes
Of hope, wet by sad tears,
It flings a flame which flashes
Athwart the coming years.

Aye, as the wild years, flying,
For swiftmess lose their breath,
It goes with them : in dying,
It takes the hand of death.

Enter WIND, in full uniform, bronzed, etc.

CAR. AND MAIDENS. Mr. Wind ! (*Crowding around him.*)

MAIDENS. And you're alive—you're not dead—you weren't killed after all !

W. Aw, no—I mean, yes—I *am* alive—I'm not dead—I wasn't killed—aw, no, bai Jove ! Pwetty neah it, though—aw, yes !

CAR. (*Shaking her.*) Nellie, here is Mr. Wind.

NELLIE. (*Starting violently.*) Mr. Wind !

W. (*Coming over.*) Aw, yes, Nellie—poor old Wind is back again.

N. (*Taking both hands.*) How can I thank you for your noble conduct ! You saved poor Leo's body for us, if you couldn't save his life. What a noble fellow you are !

W. Aw—don't, now ! You'll make me bweak down if you don't stop—(*in great confusion.*)

N. And you brought back his body.

W. Aw—

N. You did not bury him there ? You didn't ? You didn't !

W. Aw, no ! Of course not, my dear ! (*Aside.*) Aw, dem it ! This is worse than the—aw—Zulus.

N. Oh, thank you ! thank you ! And when will it be here ?

W. It ? Aw—

CAR. Yes, it—the body—Leo's body !

W. Leo's body ? Why—here it comes !

(Soldiers' tramp heard, and the chorus, "Glory and Victory. ")

N. (Starting back.) I do not understand !

(Chorus louder and louder, and enter the Soldiers, the COMMANDANT, LEO, with broken arm and Victoria Cross, and BLOODSWIGGER, also with star.)

N. (With a shriek.) Leo ! (Rushes towards him.)

W. That's the way I bwrought him home to you.

L. Nellie ! (Embracing her.)

(CAROLINE and BLOODSWIGGER embrace.)

W. Aw, bai Jove ! No one—aw—hugs me, don't you know !

(N. and C. throw their arms about him and half choke him.)

W. Aw, help ! (As they release him,) Bai Jove ! I'll just wite that down befoah I fohget it.

ENSEMBLE.—CAROLINE, NELLIE AND MAIDENS.

True love can never alter,
True love can never die ;
False love alone can falter,
False love alone can fly.

(All repeat) True love, &c.

ALL. Glory and Victory !—These are the themes I sing,
And these I follow around the world as the swallow follows the spring :
Glory and Victory ! This is the soldier's aim—
With sword and shield
In open field
To win a wreath of Fame !

THE END.